

POLICE[®]

COMICS

JULY
No. 92

10¢

Plastic Man
rouns the skeleton
from
CLOSETS KENNEDY'S
house racket!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Plastic Man

OOOO, HENRY!
A HOME OF OUR
OWN AT LAST!

YIIII!
PLAAAS!
WAKE UP
BEFORE THEY
SUBLEASE
YOU!

KEEP OFF
THE GRASS

It's a long stretch from the big house to a lot of little ones...but "Closets" Kennedy, crooked contractor, almost made it! His philosophy was "Women'll live in anything if it's got enough closets!"

It wasn't strictly F.B.I. business but **PLASTIC MAN** took a week off to find the skeletons in Kennedy's closets and rub out a racket that was hampering the homeless and hamstringing housing!

One breezy day...

YIII! BUCKSHOT, I CAN'T TOIN THE STEERIN' WHEEL! IT'S STUCK!

EEEOW! NO WONDER! DAT AIN'T THE STEERIN' WHEEL...

...DAT'S PLASTIC MAN!

WE GOTTA ESCAPE! RUN FER IT!

HEY! COME BACK AND STOP THIS CAR BEFORE IT RAMS A CROWD-ED STORE!

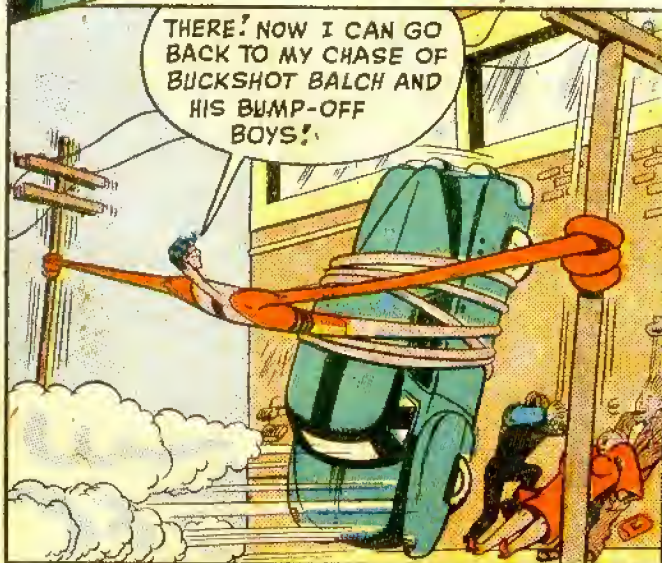
YOU STOP IT! IT AIN'T OUR CAR! WE JUST SWIPED IT FOR THE GET-AWAY!

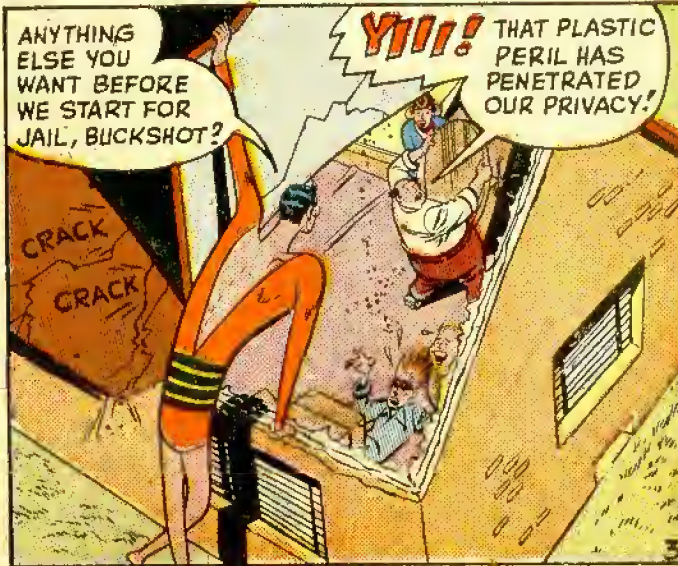
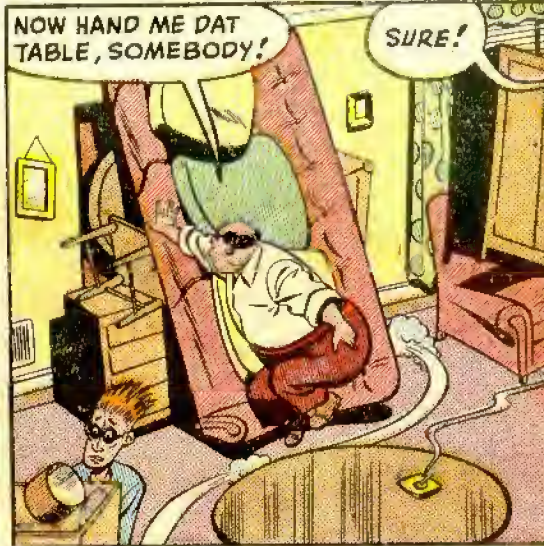
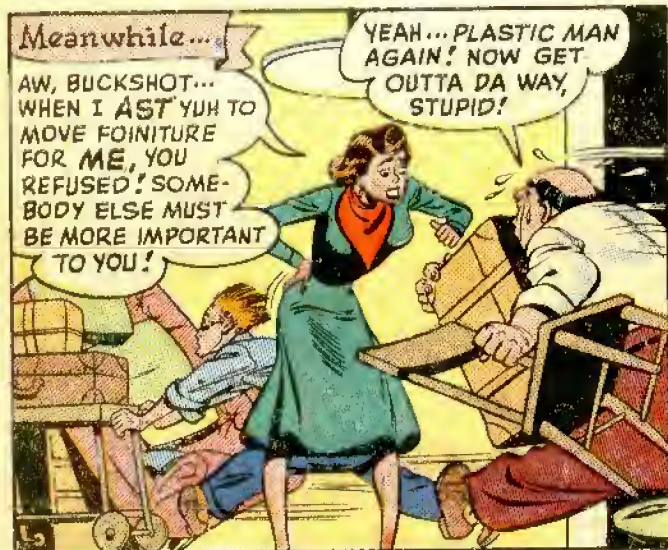
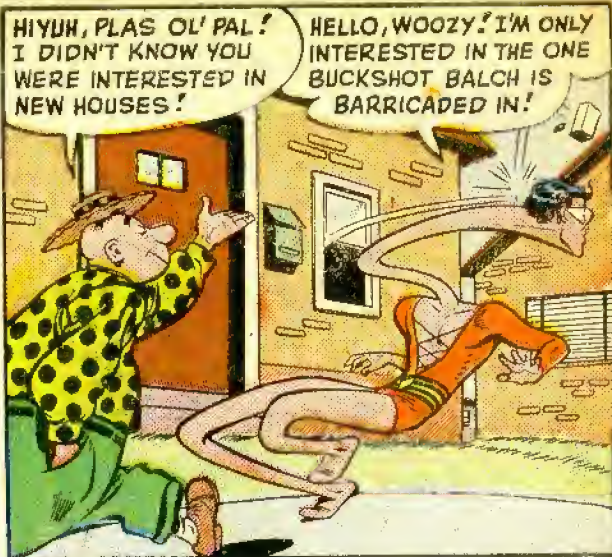
THEY'RE ESCAPING... BUT I CAN'T LET THIS JUGGERNAUT GO BERSERK!

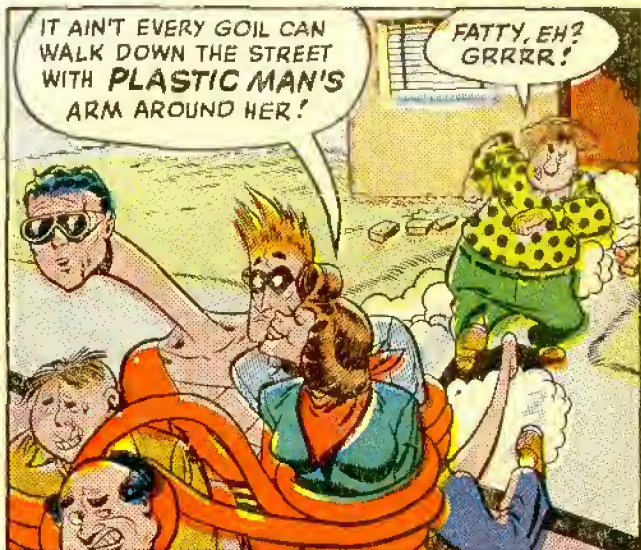
TO MOITILE'S HOUSE... QUICK! WE CAN HOLE UP THERE!

THERE! NOW I CAN GO BACK TO MY CHASE OF BUCKSHOT BALCH AND HIS BUMP-OFF BOYS!

BUCKSHOT'S GIRL, MYRTLE, HAS A HOUSE IN THIS NEW DEVELOPMENT! DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS THEY'VE HOLED UP THERE!







CLOSETS SERVED A TERM FOR ROBBERY AND THEN SWITCHED TO HOME BUILDING! THAT PUTS HIM OUT OF OUR REACH!

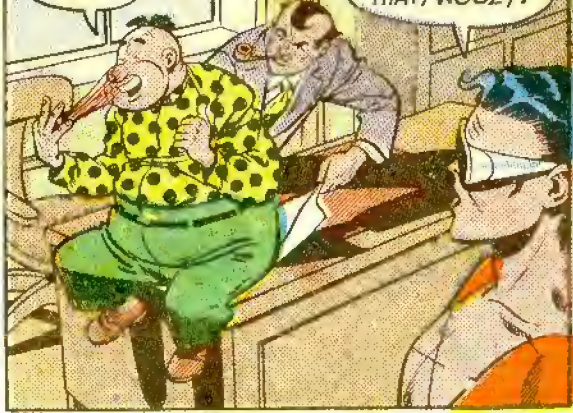
I WENT THROUGH ONE OF HIS HOUSES TODAY! IT SOLD FOR \$30,000... AND THE WALLS WERE NOTHING BUT CARD-BOARD!

ULP...!



YOU MEAN, SOMEBODY'S SUCKER ENOUGH TO PAY 30 G'S FOR THAT TRAP, PLAS?

WITH THE PRESENT HOUSING SHORTAGE, PEOPLE ARE FIGHTING FOR WORSE SHACKS THAN THAT, WOODY!



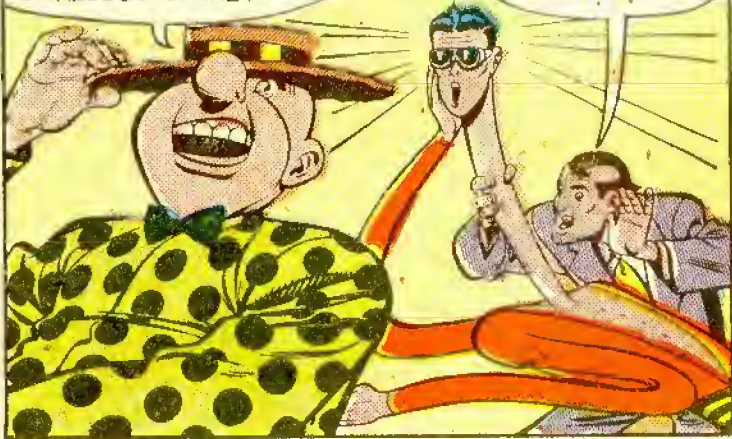
THAT GANG DOESN'T KNOW THE FIRST THING ABOUT CARPENTRY! THEY SLAP ANY OLD THING TOGETHER AND IT SELLS OVERNIGHT!

TCH-TCH-TCH! WELL, WHADDA-YUH KNOW ABOUT THAT? WILL YOU GENTLEMEN EXCUSE ME FOR THE NONCE?



YOU'RE HAVING A PRIVATE CONFAB AND I'M NOTHING BUT AN INTERLOPER! HOW CARELESS OF ME!

ULP! DID YOU HEAR THE SAME THING I HEARD, PLASTIC MAN?



EVERY KEYHOLE AT HEADQUARTERS HAS THE IMPRINT OF HIS EAR! WHAT BROUGHT THIS SUDDEN RUSH OF VIRTUE?

SEARCH ME, CHIEF! WOODY'S VAGARIES ARE PART OF HIS FASCINATION!



IMAGINE THAT! SLAP ANY OLD THING TOGETHER AND SELL IT FOR 30 GRAND! NOW'S MY CHANCE TO HELP PEOPLE BY PUTTING UP SOME DURABLE, LOW-COST HOMES!



ONE SIDE, GENTLEMEN! YOU'RE HOLDING UP HOUSING PROGRESS!



CHIEF, I'VE REACHED A DECISION!
I CAN'T CONTINUE MY WORK WHILE
A HELPLESS PUBLIC IS BEING
VICIOUSLY VICTIMIZED.

YES...
I MEAN,
NO...
I MEAN...



I WANT A WEEK'S LEAVE
OF ABSENCE TO GO AFTER
THIS HOUSING RACKET ON
MY OWN! THE F.B.I. WON'T
BE INVOLVED IN ANY
WAY!

GRANTED, PLASTIC
MAN! AND ANYTHING
THAT HAPPENS TO
CLOSETS KENNEDY
IS OKAY WITH ME...
SO LONG AS IT'S
BAD!



At that moment, in the penthouse palace of
Closets Kennedy...

WE HIT A NEW
RECORD, CLOSETS!
EIGHT-HUNNERT-AND-
FIVE NEW HOUSES
PUT UP LAST MONTH!

NATCHERLY! IT'S LIKE THE
GREAT P.T. BARNUM SAYS
...THERE'S A SUCKER
BORN EVERY MINUTE...
IF YOU'RE IN THE
RIGHT RACKET!



IF YOU LUGS WOULD SPEND
MORE TIME READING THE
BIOLOGIES OF FAMOUS
MEN, YOU WOULDN'T BE SO
STUPID!

SURE, BOSS! YER
ABSOLUTELY RIGHT,
CLOSETS! WE'RE
ASHAMED!



WHAT'S
EATIN' ON
YOU,
BISCUITS?

DIS **PAPER
SHORTAGE**,
BOSS! IF IT KEEPS
ON, WE'RE GONNA
HAFTA USE SOME
WOOD IN OUR
NEW HOUSES!

WHAT? RUIN A TREE, ONE O' NATURE'S NOBLEST MASTERPIECES...TO BUILD SOME JERKA JOINT? NEVER!

YUKKK!



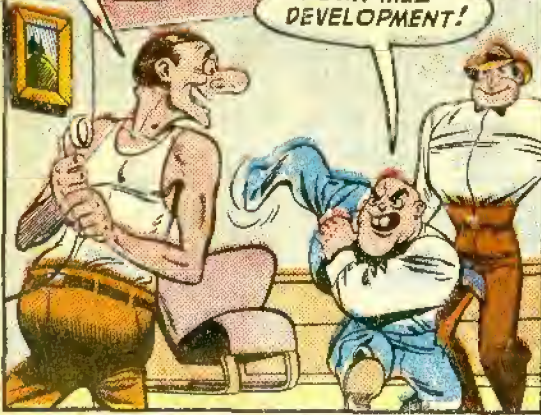
NEXT THING YOU'LL BE WANTIN'
US TO **BUY** THE MATERIALS
WE USE! IT'S TIME I GOT
SOME **CORROBORATION**
AROUND
HERE!

GEE, CLOSETS...YOU
JUST **DROOOOL**
CULTURE SINCE YOU
LEARNED TO READ!



BOSS, THERE'S A SUCKER...ER, PROSPECT DOWN-STAIRS! HE WANTS TO BUY A HOUSE!

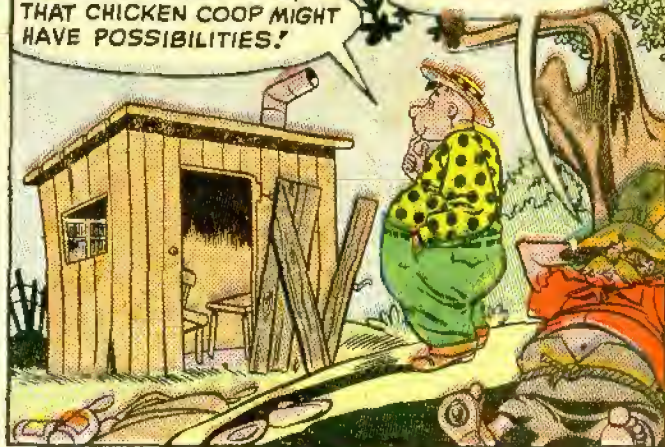
WELL, TELL HIM TO COME UP, STUPID! IF HE LOOKS DOUGH-HEAVY, WE CAN TAKE HIM OUT TO OUR NEW TUMBLE-DOWN HILL DEVELOPMENT!



Meanwhile, on the outskirts of town...

HMM! WITH A SMALL PORCH AND SHUTTERS, THAT CHICKEN COOP MIGHT HAVE POSSIBILITIES!

I'LL TELL YUH WHAT I'LL DO, FRIEND...



CLOSE THE DEAL THIS WEEK AND I'LL THROW IN THE FURNITURE!

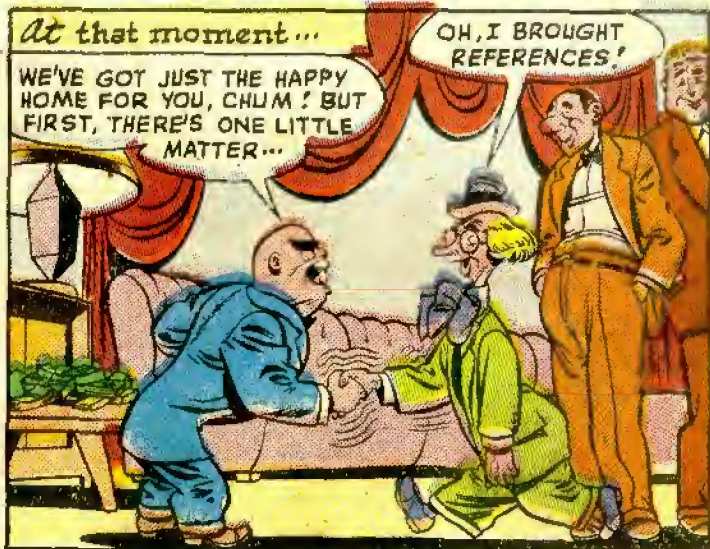
IF I CAN GET A MORTGAGE, YOU'RE ON! THIS'LL BE THE FIRST HOUSE IN EXCLUSIVE WINKS MANOR!



At that moment...

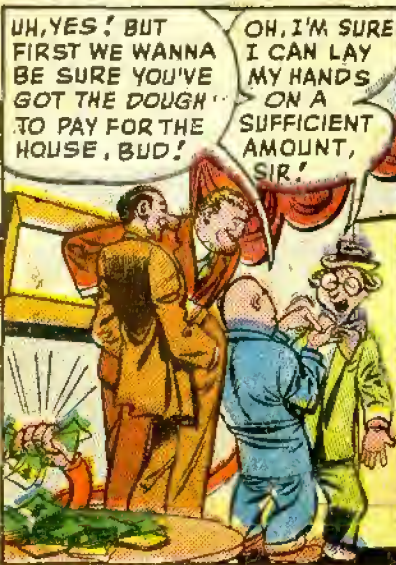
WE'VE GOT JUST THE HAPPY HOME FOR YOU, CHUM! BUT FIRST, THERE'S ONE LITTLE MATTER...

OH, I BROUGHT REFERENCES!



UH, YES! BUT FIRST WE WANNA BE SURE YOU'VE GOT THE DOUGH... TO PAY FOR THE HOUSE, BUD!

OH, I'M SURE I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON A SUFFICIENT AMOUNT, SIR!



WILL THIS BE ENOUGH?

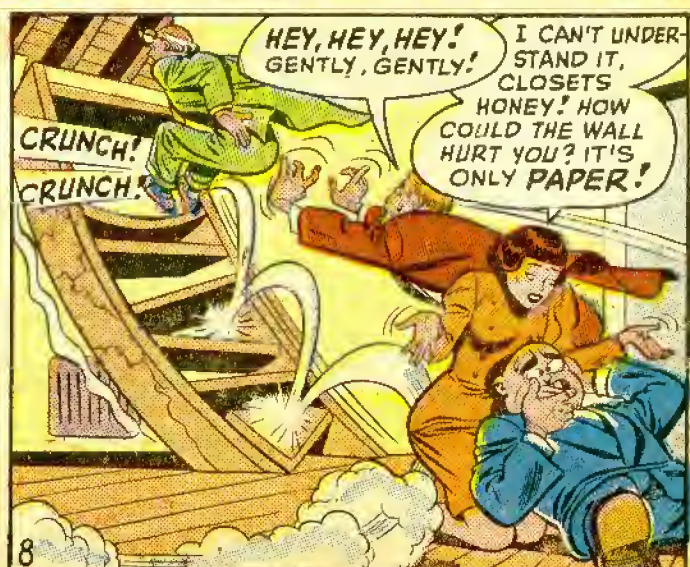
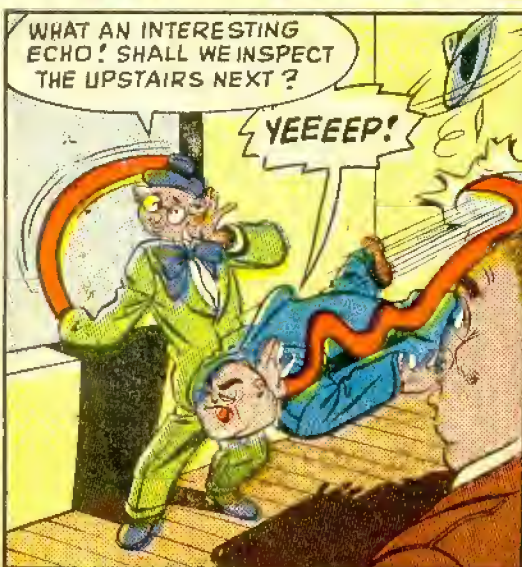
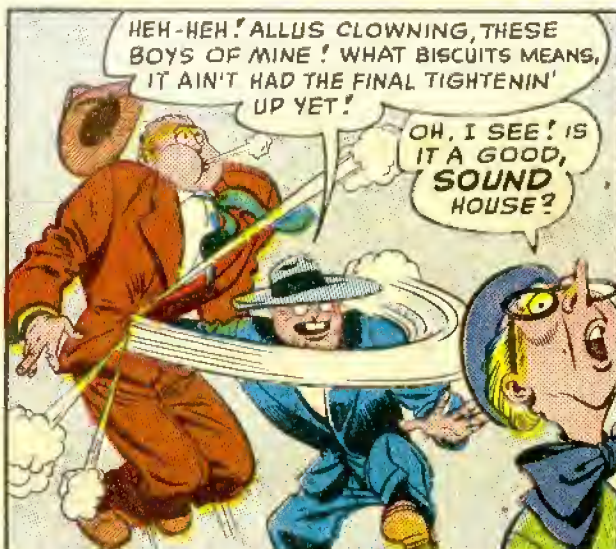
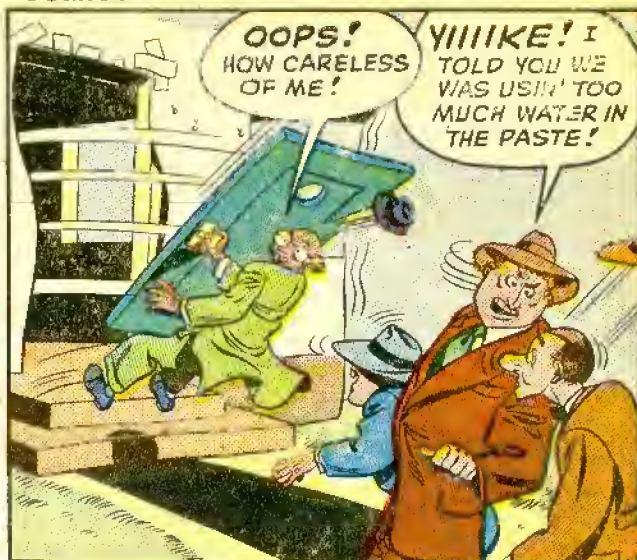
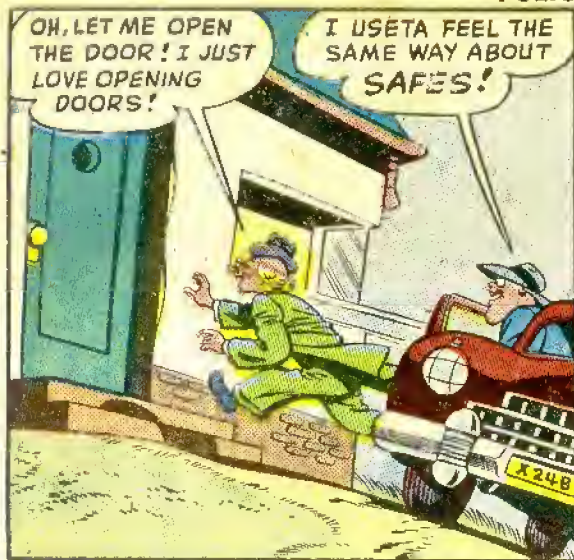
THAT JUST COVERS THE EXAMINATION FEE! TAKE THE GENTLEMAN'S ARM, SNUGGLES! WE'LL DRIVE RIGHT ON TO TUMBLE-DOWN HILL!

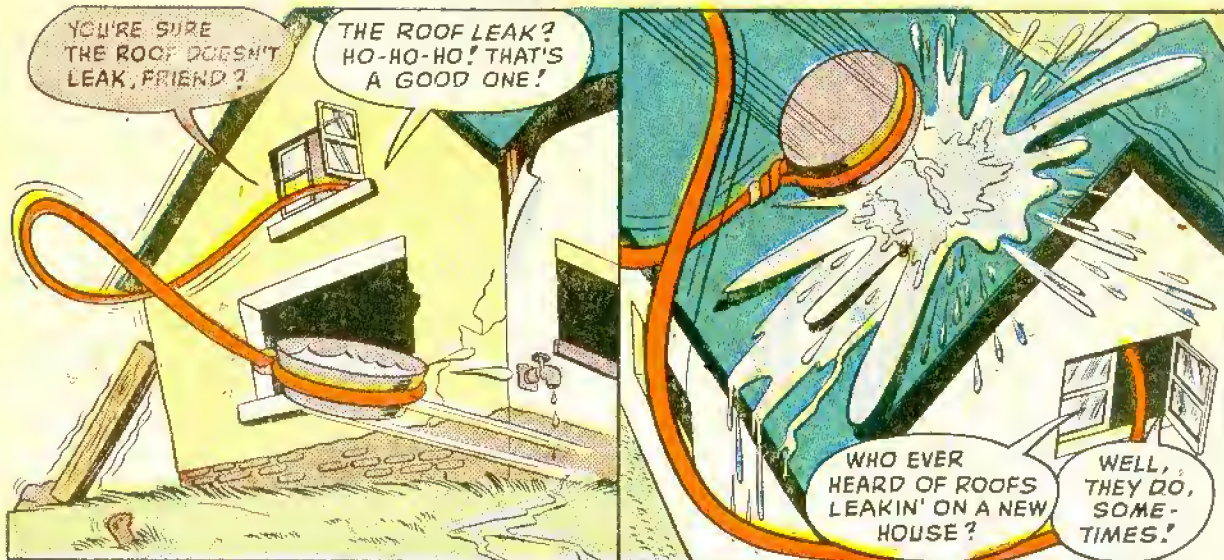


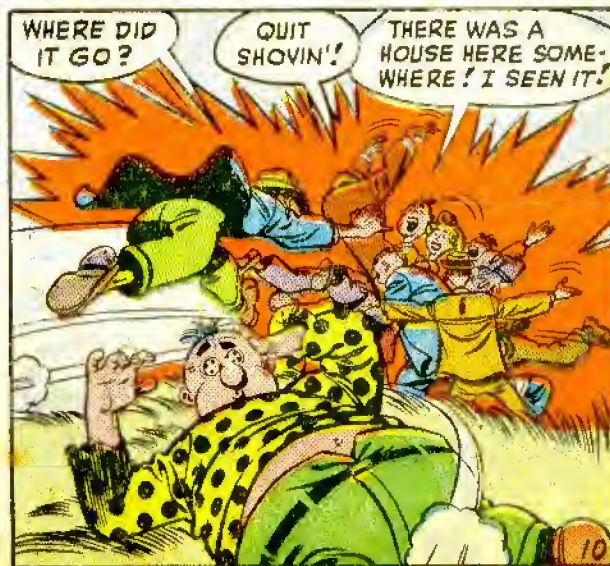
THERE YOU ARE! SIX ROOMS AND TWENTY-TWO CLOSETS! YOUR WIFE WILL LIKE THAT! AND ONLY \$44,589.56... PLUS TAX!

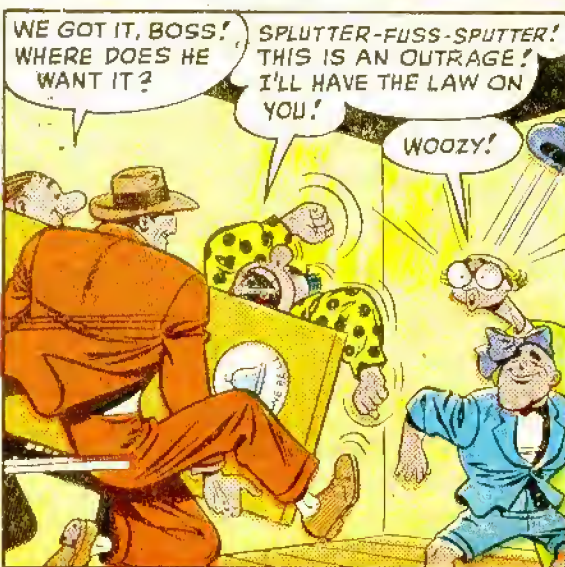
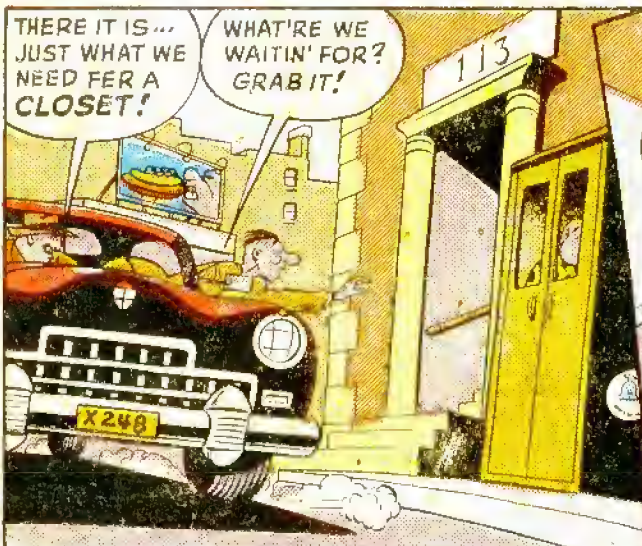
WHAT A BARGAIN!











ONLY KIDNAPPING,
CLOSETS! WHEN YOUR BOYS
SNATCHED THAT PHONE BOOTH
WITH WOOLY IN IT, YOU PUT
ME RIGHT BACK IN
BUSINESS!

EEEEOGHHH! PUT HIM.
OUTA BUSINESS...
QUICK!



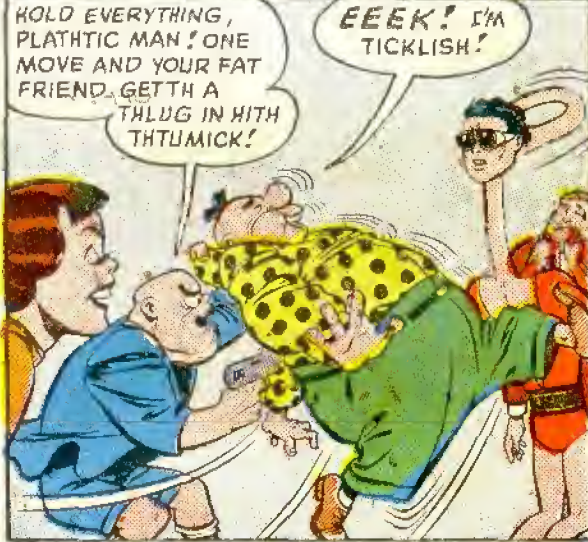
CLOSETS, HONEY...
YOUR TEETH ARE
ALL GONE!

MEFF...
BFFF...
BBB!



HOLD EVERYTHING,
PLATHTIC MAN! ONE
MOVE AND YOUR FAT
FRIEND GETTH A
THUG IN WITH
THUWICK!

EEEK! I'M
TICKLISH!



WHAT CAN I DO?
IF I TRY TO STOP
THEM, THEY'LL
KILL WOOLY!

STAY PUT, YOU RUBBERIZED
ROWDY! MAYBE YOU'RE
INVINCIBLE... BUT HE
AIN'T!



WE'LL THNATCH
THE DOUGH WE
GOT TUCKED AWAY
AND HEAD WETH!
THU TOWN WATH
ABOUT CLEANED
OUT ANYWAY!

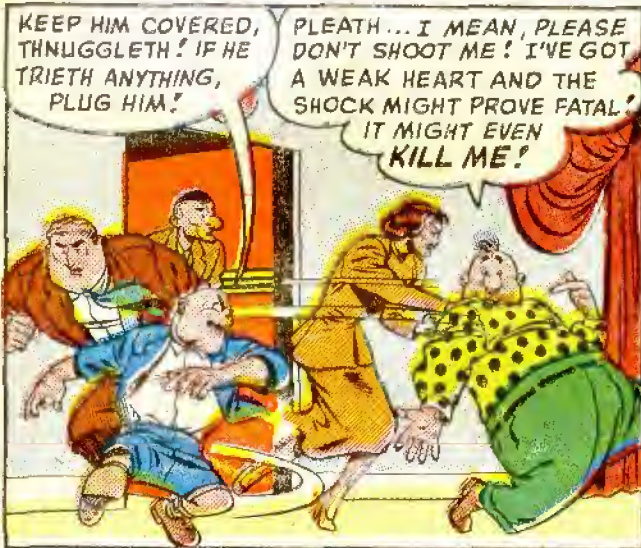
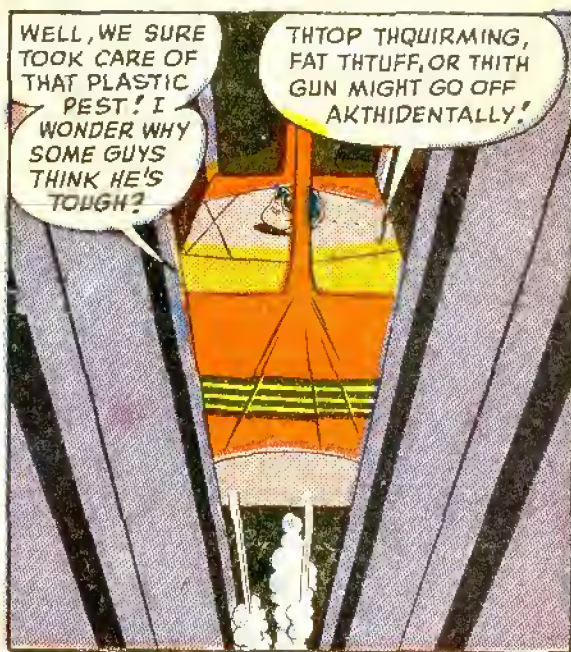
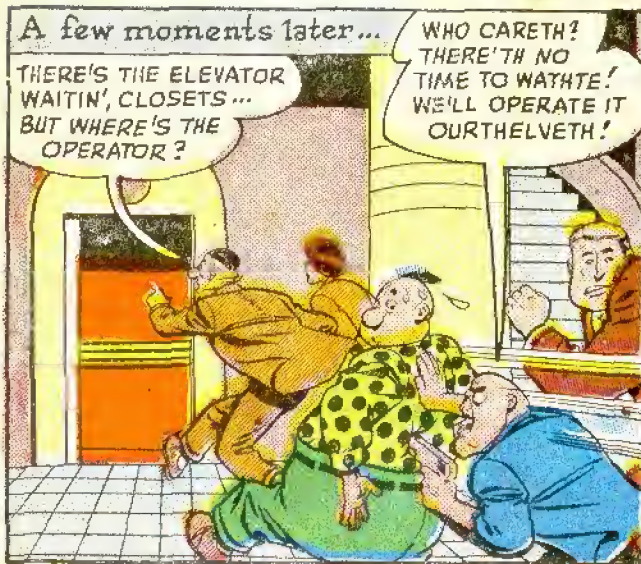
AND DON'T TRY
FOLLOWIN' US,
ELASTIC PAN!
BEHAVE, AND
WE MIGHT LET
YOUR OVER-
STUFFED PLAY-
MATE LOOSE
WHEN WE LEAVE!

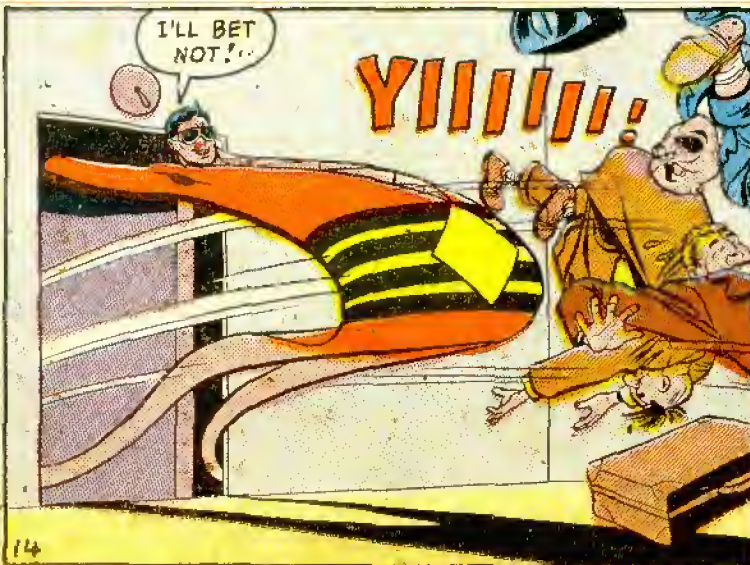
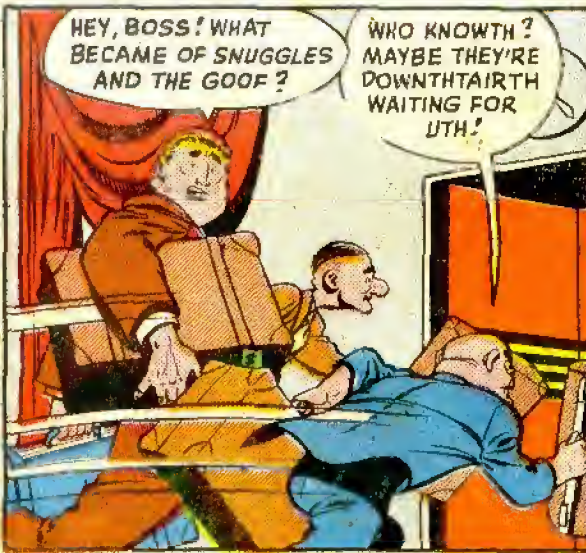


THEY'D KILL
WOOLY IN A
MINUTE IF I
DISOBEYED! AND
THEY GAVE ME
STRICT ORDERS
NOT TO FOLLOW
THEM!

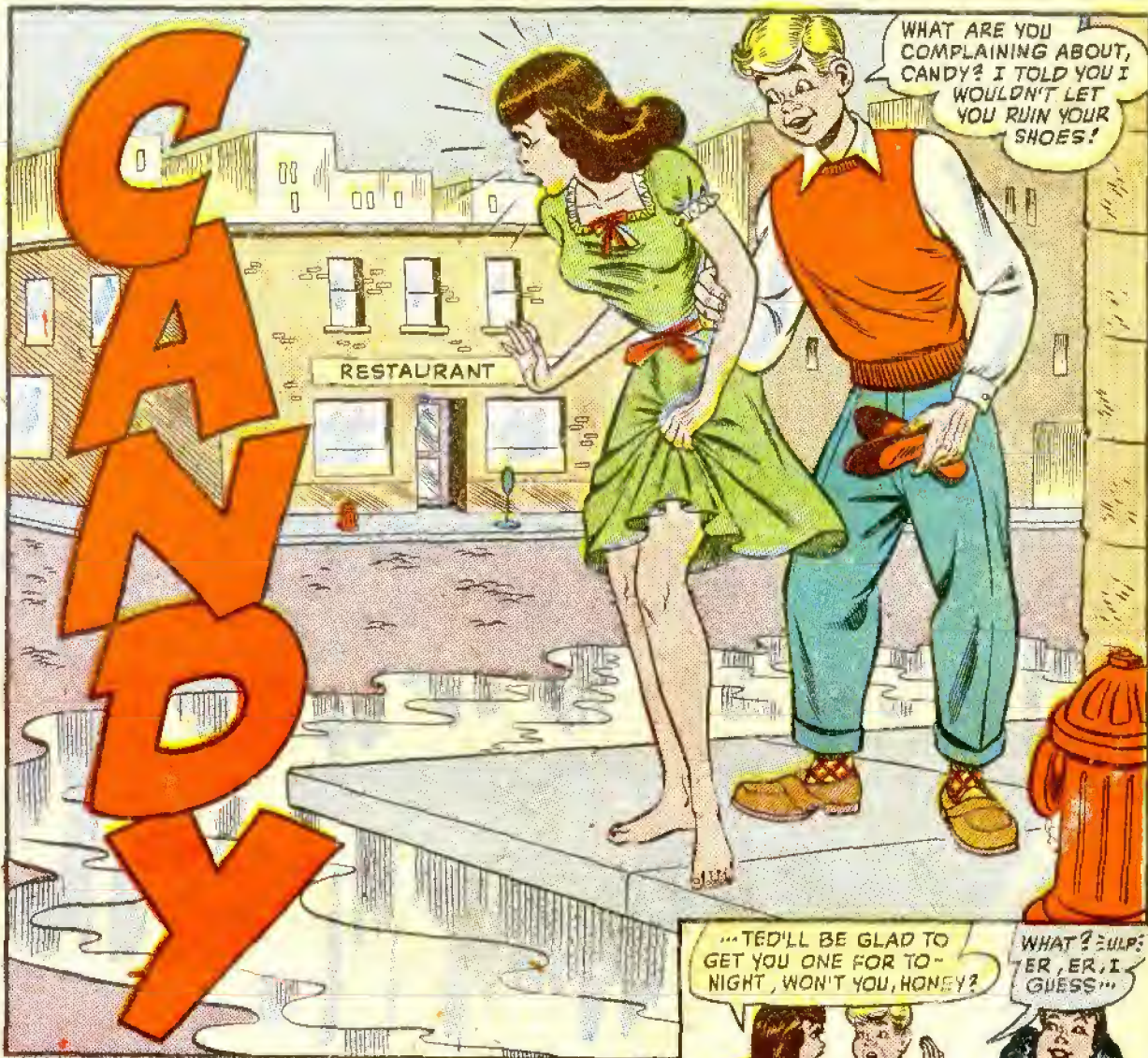
IT'S CERTAINLY
FORTUNATE THEY DIDN'T
TELL ME NOT TO GET
THERE AHEAD
OF THEM!











OH, TED, YOU'RE SWELL! I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU FOR THIS!

OH, CANDY! GROAN! I'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU FOR THIS!

'BYE, NOW... SEE YOU TONIGHT!



GEE, CANDY... WHO AM I GONNA MATCH UP WITH A PLUMP PIGEON LIKE TINA?

ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY I'M ASKING TOO MUCH OF YOU?

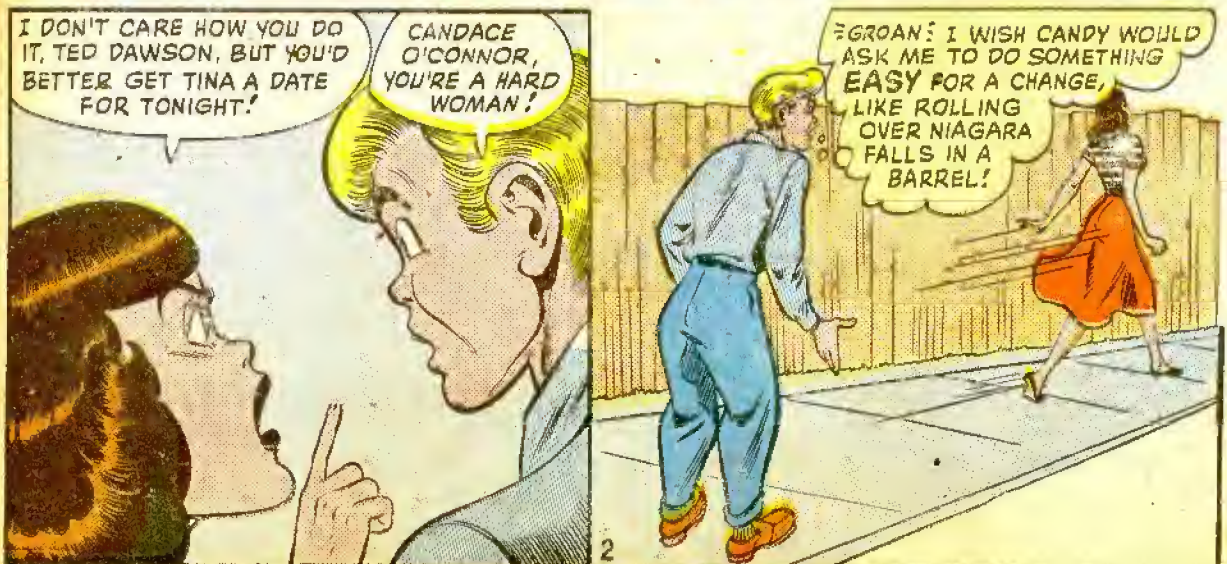
OF COURSE NOT! I'M JUST TRYING TO SAY THERE'S TOO MUCH OF HER!

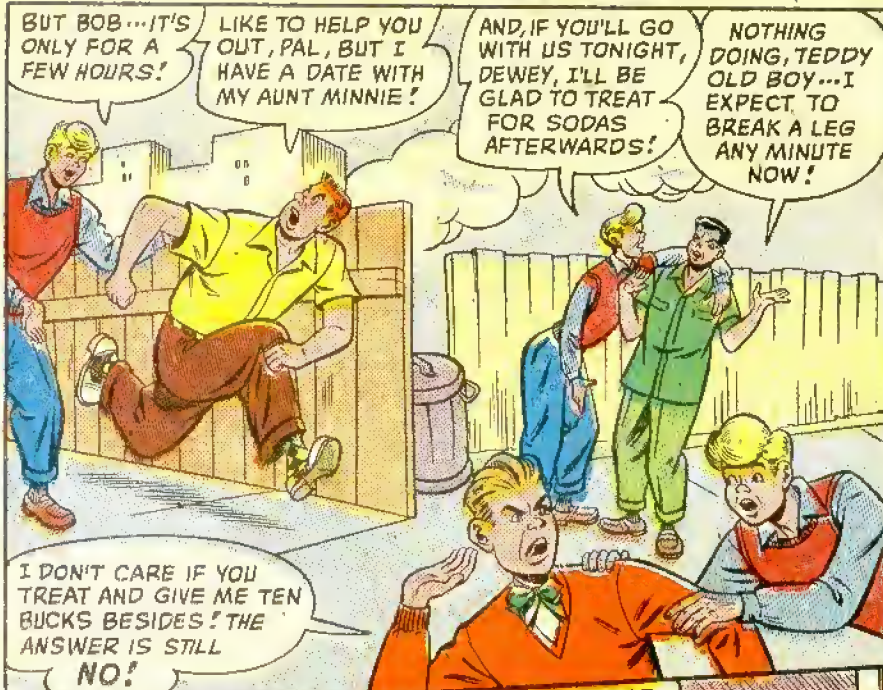


I DON'T CARE HOW YOU DO IT, TED DAWSON, BUT YOU'D BETTER GET TINA A DATE FOR TONIGHT!

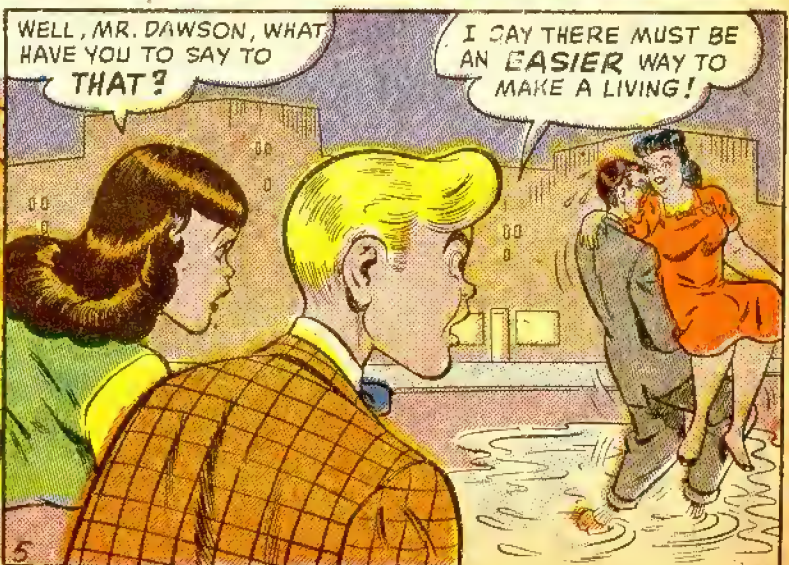
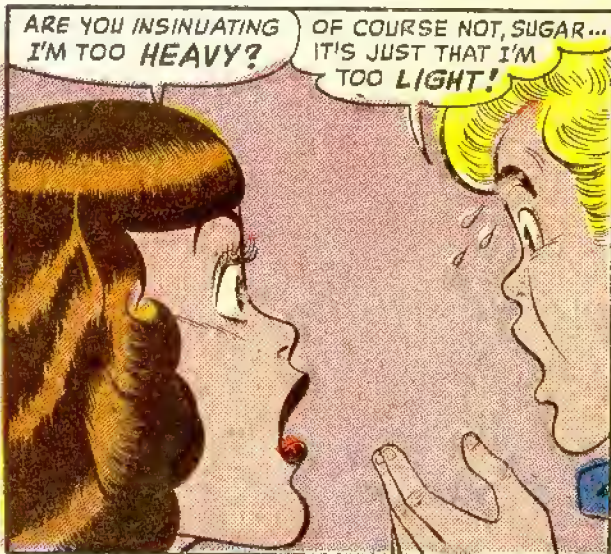
CANDACE O'CONNOR, YOU'RE A HARD WOMAN!

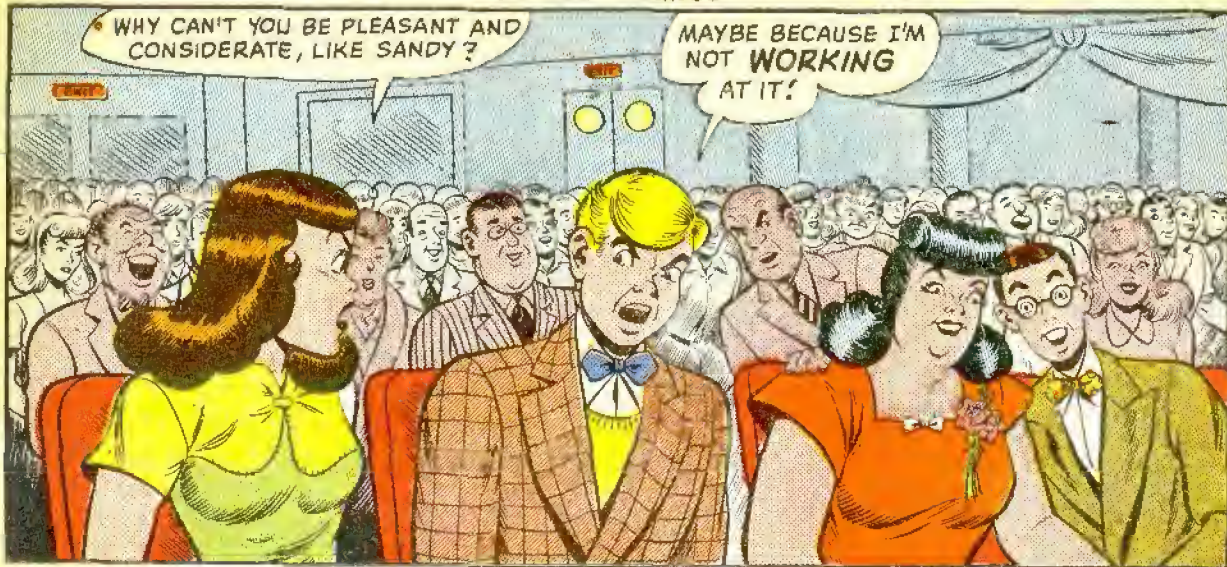
GROAN! I WISH CANDY WOULD ASK ME TO DO SOMETHING EASY FOR A CHANGE, LIKE ROLLING OVER NIAGARA FALLS IN A BARREL!

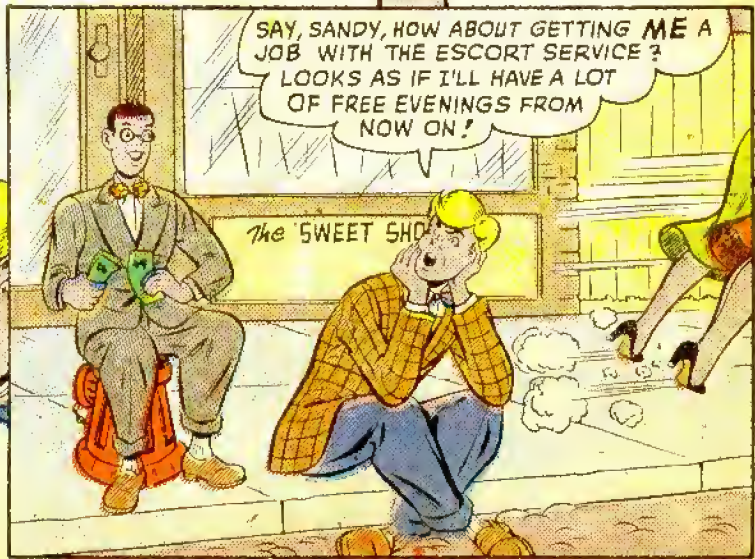












RANSOM for Woozy



A FAMILIAR head on a long, flexible neck snaked its way into Moe's Pool Hall. "Seen anything of Woozy?" it asked.

"No, Plas," Moe said, "I haven't seen him since yesterday, when he ripped up a yard of felt on my best billiard table."

The head retreated and Plastic Man loped farther down the street, stopping at Pop's Soda Salon, where he repeated his query.

"Sorry, Plas," Pop said, "you missed him by about an hour. He ate a double banana dream and left without paying me," the old man added.

Plastic Man walked slowly toward home. "Every time I send that Woozy on an errand," he thought, "it's the same story: he doesn't come back for hours. All I told him to do was pick up the films of that bank robbery from the F.B.I. I have to get on with the job of tracking down those bandits."

Tacked to his front door Plas found a piece of paper. It was a crudely printed note that, when he read it, caused his brow to wrinkle into a deep scowl: "We got your pal Woozy," it said. "If you want to see him in one piece put five grand in small bills in the oak tree at the corner of Ninth and Spencer."

"Woozy kidnaped," Plas said in disbelief. "I bet the poor guy is scared to death. . . . Ninth and Spencer," he mused. "That's a lonely spot, with no houses for miles around. I guess I'll have to pay off and wait to see if Woozy can put the finger on them."

Plastic Man went immediately to the F.B.I., where the Chief advanced the money without question. Normally the rubbery crime buster accepted no pay, but when he required funds the Department was more than obliging.

"Now," thought Plas, "to get this money into the oak tree . . . Woozy's safety comes first."

Meanwhile in a tarpaper shack outside of town Woozy had been tied to a rude wooden chair. "You'll never get the best of my pal Plas," he said defiantly to the two men playing cards at the table.

"Shaddap," the thin, scar-faced man ordered. "You made me miss a pot. We'll knock you off right here and now if you don't shut your yap."

"We shoulda knocked him off as soon as he

showed his mug around here," the smaller man said.

"Then what would we do for getaway money?" the thin one asked sarcastically. "Do you want to spend the rest of your life in this crummy shack? That bank money is as hot as a bucket of steam."

"Okay, okay," his companion said, "but if that lunk keeps shooting off his mouth about his pal Plas, I'll let him have it, so help me."

Woozy squirmed uncomfortably in the hard chair but kept silent. "Plas will show these crooks," he thought. "He better, or my number's up. As soon as these cookies get my ransom money I'll be a gone gosling."

The cold light of early dawn was showing over the city when the two thugs pushed Woozy into their sedan and drove off. "We'll be all set to roll," the leader said. "We can dump this pudgy little pest out after we pick up the dough."

The car swept through town and out to Ninth and Spencer. "The coast's clear," they exulted. "Plastic Man wouldn't dare take a chance on his precious pal's hide."

The heavy car nosed over to the curb. The thin bandit slipped out and went to the oak tree. He reached into a hollow space and groped around. "It's here," he called.

"Come on, hurry up," his partner replied.

"The darn money's stuck," the thin one snarled. "Give me a hand."

The other man climbed sullenly from the car and joined his partner. "Here, let me try," he growled. He put his hand into the hollow and tugged at the packet of bills.

Suddenly the hollow in the oak snapped shut on the arms of both bandits. A branch swept down and a familiar head popped out. "Treed, aren't you," Plastic Man remarked, by way of introducing himself.

"Gee, Plas," Woozy protested later, "I thought you'd be proud of me if I tracked down those crooks from their pictures. Could I help it if they recognized me?"

"Forget it," said Plas. "We can be thankful they didn't know the difference between me and a tree."

Woozy laughed. "Yeah," he said. "Right now everything's OAK."

Dewey DRIP

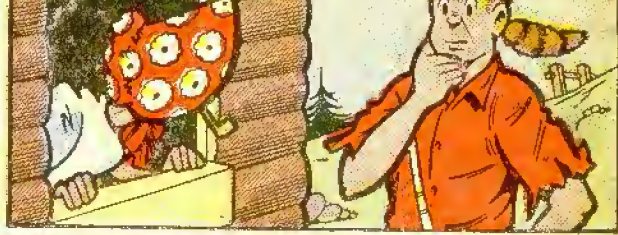
MAW SHO' IS GOIN' FOR
THE NEW-FANGLED THING
THEY CALL A CROSSWORD
PUZZLE!



A THREE-LETTUH
WORD FOR...

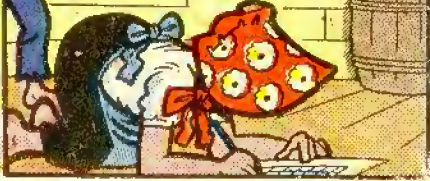
SON, WHUT BE A THREE-
LETTUH WORD MEANIN',
TO CLASP TO BOSOM...
TO EMBRACE?

LEMME
THINK
NOW...



AH'M KINDA GOOD AT
TWO-LETTUH WORDS,
BUT THEM **THREE-
LETTUH** ONES
SORTA CONFOOSE
ME!

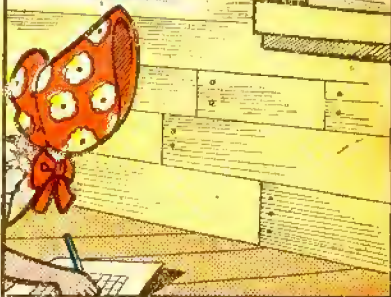
SOME O'THES
THINGS RUN
CLEAN UP TO
FO' LETTUHS!



BUT WHAT AH
CRAVES NOW
IS **THREE**
LETTUHS MEANIN'
TO CLASP TO
BOSOM!



HALP!



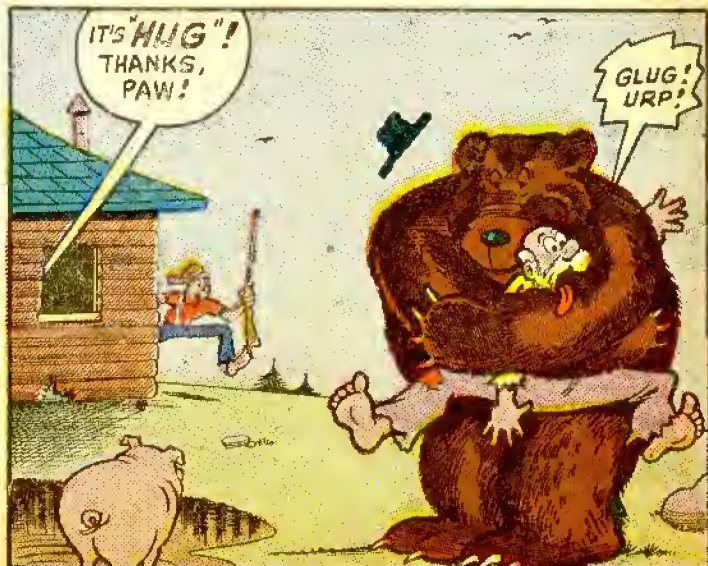
THET'S THE WORD!
AH GOT IT!

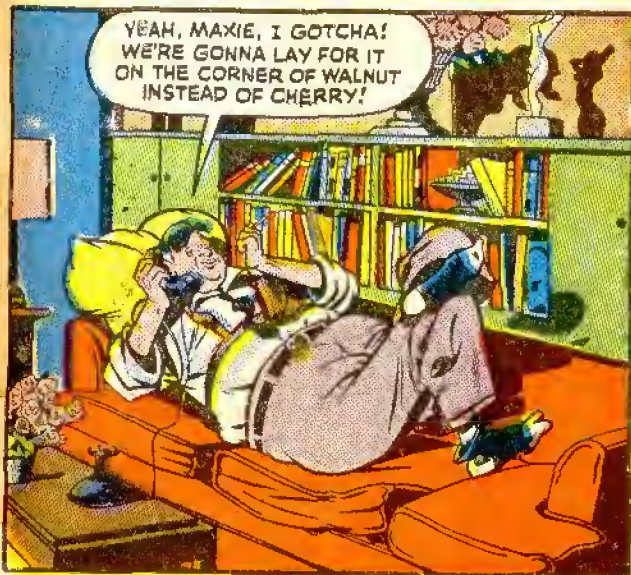
**UGH!
EEEE!
UGH!**

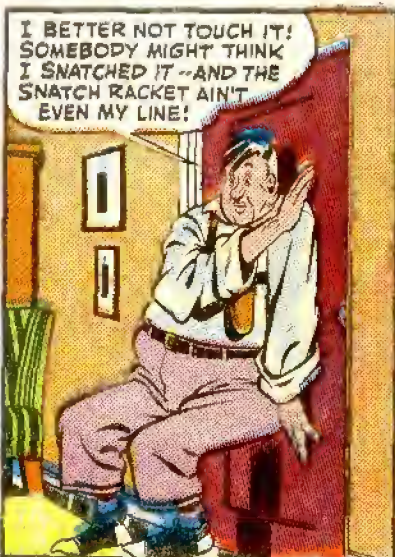


IT'S "**HUG**"!
THANKS,
PAW!

**GLUG!
URP!**





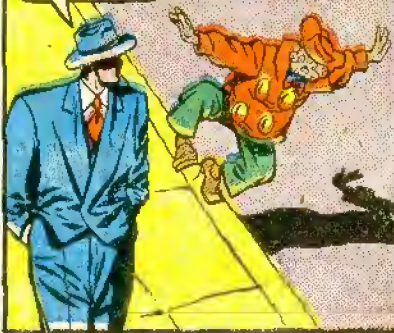


LET'S SEE! ... I GOT A LITTLE CORNED BEEF HASH LEFT! IT OUGHTA LIKE THAT!



Meanwhile...

IT'S DOLAN'S IDEA THAT AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION IS WORTH A POUND OF CURE... SO, SINCE THE ARMORED CAR PEOPLE ARE AFTER HIM TO KEEP AN EYE ON POSSIBLE STICK-UP CHARACTERS, HE WANTS ME TO DROP IN ON SOME I KNOW PERSONALLY!



YO' MEAN HE WANTS YO' TO CHECK UP ON DEM AN' GIVE DEM FRIEN'LY ADVICE ABOUT STAYIN' OUTTA TROUBLE? DAT'S ONE OB DE THINGS AH LIKES ABOUT COMMISSIONER DOLAN! HE HAS FAITH IN PEOPLE JES' THE WAY AH HAS!



HMM! WAIT'LL YOU HAVE A LOOK AT SMOOCH LEARY AND SEE HOW MUCH FAITH YOU PUT IN HIM! SMOOCH CAN SHOOT A DIAMOND OUT OF THE ACE OF DIAMONDS AT TWENTY PACES... ONLY HE'D JUST AS SOON THE DIAMOND WERE SOME-BODY'S STICK PIN!



THE SPIRIT! OW-W-W! AND ME WIT' THE KID IN THE JOINT! I GOTTA GET IT OUTTA THE WAY!



WELL, SMOOCH, YOU WERE A LONG TIME OPENING THE DOOR! DON'T TELL ME YOU AREN'T GLAD TO SEE ME!

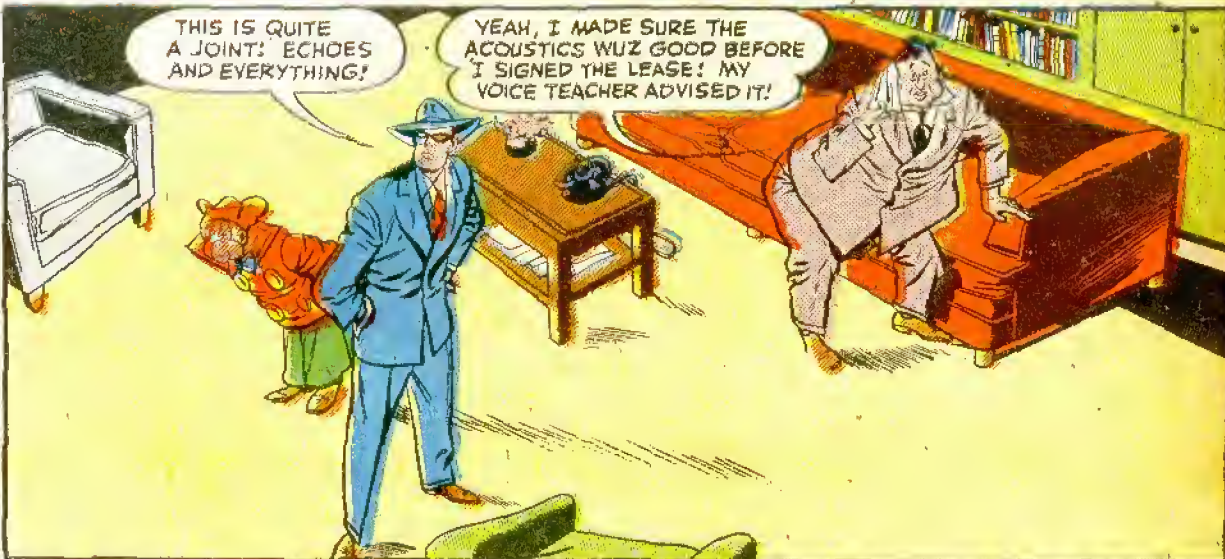


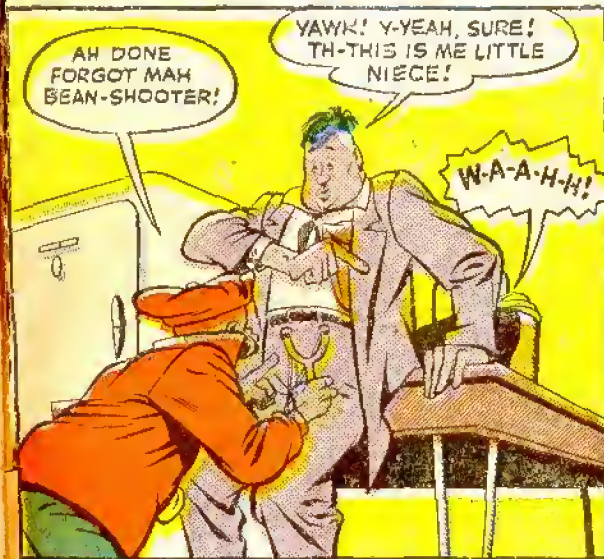
AW, SPIRIT, YOU KNOW BETTER'N THAT! IT'S JUST THAT I HADDA PUT ON ME COAT TO RECEIVE YUH!

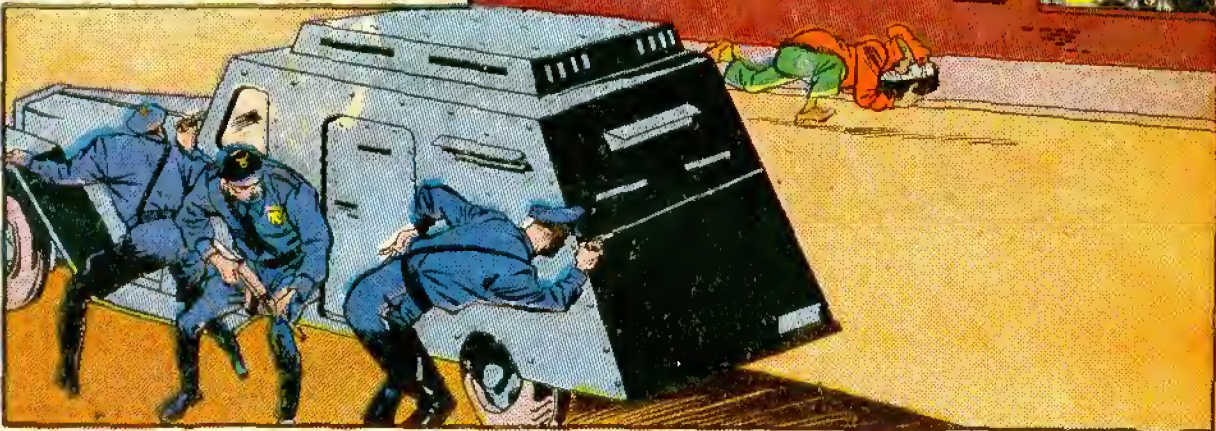
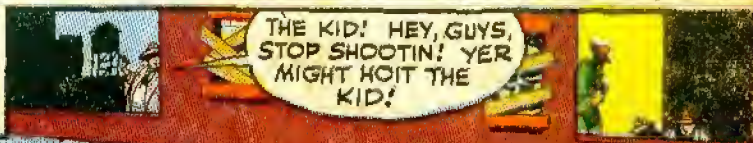
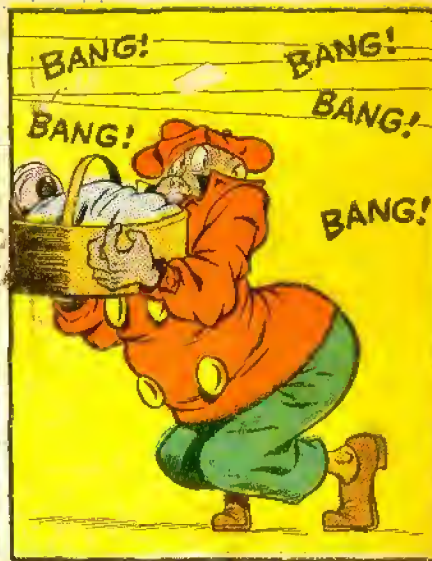


W-A-A-A!

WHAT WAS THAT?







TO THINK THAT I SHOULD SEE THE DAY WHEN I'D BE SHOOTIN' IT OUT WIT' ME OWN PALS!



THERE THEY ARE!

MY BABY!

CLICK!
CLICK!



MAXIE HOFF'S BOYS!



JUST SO YOU WON'T TRY TO WALK AWAY, BOYS!



YOU ALMOST HAD YOURSELF A BABY, SMOOCH, BUT MRS. GIBSON HAD A CHANGE OF HEART AFTER SHE LEFT IT AT YOUR DOOR! SHE CAME DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS BEGGING DOLAN TO HELP HER FIND IT!

SAY, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THIS KID AND THE BABY, WE MIGHT ALL BE DEAD NOW!



IT WAS NICE OF YOU TO LEAVE THE ADDRESS OF THIS STICKUP ON YOUR PAD, SMOOCH!

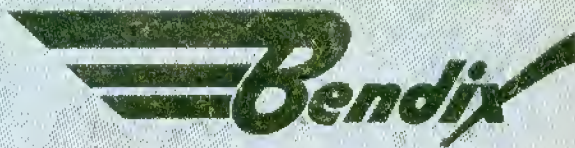
AW, THINK NUTHIN' OF IT, SPIRIT! I MEAN... I... WELL, YOU SEE... I REALLY WASN'T IN ON THIS STICKUP... I JUST WENT OUT TO BUY THE BABY SOME HAMBOIGER AND SORTA RAN INTO IT!



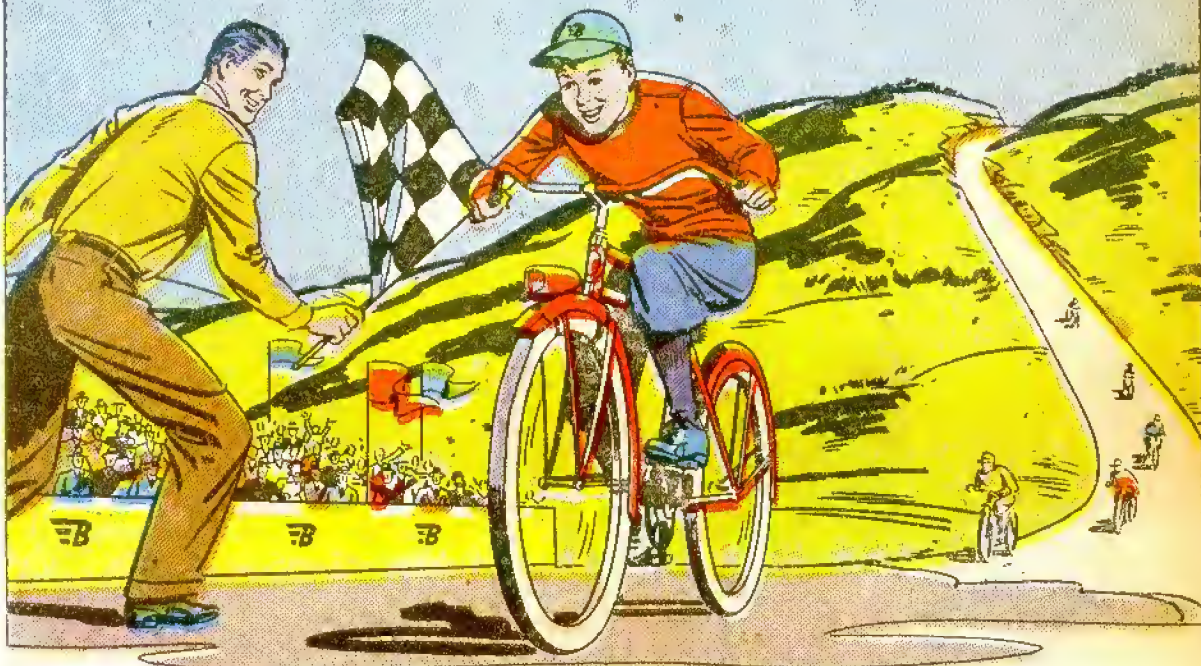
KOOTCHIE KOO!

I THINK WE COULD FIND A FEW LOOPHOLES IN SMOOCH'S STORY, BUT CONSIDERING THE CIRCUMSTANCES, MAYBE WE WON'T LOOK FOR THEM TOO HARD!

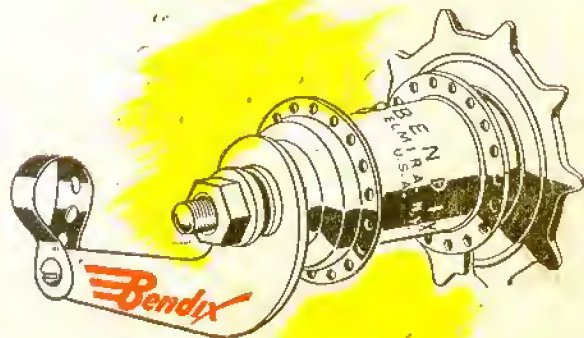




Coaster Brake Wins Again!



Built and tested in the hills of New York State!



That's right! Bendix* Coaster Brakes are tested in the hills around our factory—and you should see how high and how steep they are! One test hill is over a mile long, and by the time we get to the bottom our bikes are really flying—though always under perfect control! On the curves, too, Bendix Coaster Brakes work like magic—slow us down until we're safely around, then let us pick up full speed again in a jiffy! Actual comparisons prove that Bendix coasts farther and faster! Ask your bicycle dealer to show you a Bendix Coaster Brake with all its new features, and always make sure any new bike you get has a Bendix Coaster Brake.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

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